

The Dawning of a new Era

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Summary: The galaxy has never conceived of a more deadly alliance. across the void, two massive empires forge a pact of change the galaxy forever.

The Dawning of a new Era

THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA.

THE GALAXY AT WAR

A \_STAR WARS \_FANFICTION EPIC

BY:ISIAH TAYLOR

**T**he black velvet of the night extended its arms like a mighty octopus throughout every corners of Creation (depending on your definition of such a word). It is a cruel and harsh void that will rob a foolhardy and childish soul. The vacuum is intense and ever present and the cold is unimaginable. The stars all looked like tiny pinpricks of light off in the distance and they seemed to be as if groups of stars were perched up higher than the other stars as if space was a mountainous landscape. The massiveness of space is almost unbearable as one could go insane traveling for trillions years and still finding no end in sight. It is very quiet and uneventful; a billion year old piece of space debris, containing a vast cornucopia of rare terrestrial minerals, drifts by aimlessly on an eternal voyage lost in the cosmos. Despite the unknowns all around the galaxy and the infinite calamities that dot its terrestrial landscapes, nebulas, and dust lanes, this part of the galaxy was quiet and peaceful. A vail of an uneasy yet visible peace held its grip until tonight.

Imperial Super Star Destroyer (ISSD) \_Executor\_.

The Kuiper Belt, 235,000 miles from Pluto.

Year translated by Galactic Basic Standard: October of 1937

The Kuiper belt is a region of space stretching beyond the lopsided orbit of a planet called Pluto around 30 to 50 Astronomical Units (AU) from this star called the Sun. the Sun's feeble white light even permeates out this far into the depths. Craggy and jagged lumps of water and ice dot the area although they are not close by each other, distancing themselves from each other by an order of hundreds and even thousands of miles. The pale white light of the distant Sun cast an eerie milky glow on these space debris and mixed with the far away swirls of glowing space dust made an almost magical space wonderland. Despite the massively frigid temperatures and total darkness that surrounds this system of a graveyard; it seems like a peaceful and unabated place to be; kind of like the typical working-class Smith family of the Suburbs of the mid-20th Century in the United States. Every day, the objects continue their billions of years ignorant and aimless coast around the Sun. All was quiet and still in the Kuiper belt today, but that would soon change.

Slowly and from looking at a vantage point from being viewed from below, the glorious dance of twinkling of starlight, the heavenly orchestra of Cepheid variable stars, nova and supernovas, and the brilliant and ghostly flutter of gas trails, was soon replaced with the pointed tip of some foreign object. Not space debris or a rouge planet. This was something more sinister and ominous. It knifed its way through the cosmos silently and grew larger as it passed. Soon, still being viewed from below, a massive "V" shaped silhouette continued to devour the star field until it forever ceased to exist. Something dark and mysterious had come and this solar system has been changed forever. The "stars" did return, but these weren't The Almighty's stars, no, these were \_artificial\_. These were the light of a spaceship-a big one. Enter the Imperial Star Destroyer, a sailing monument to conquest and dominance. But this wasn't your standard capital ship, this was the big daddy of them all: a \_Super\_-Class Star Destroyer and more importantly, this is Darth Vader's flagship, the \_Executor\_. \_

Lieutenant Vunt tossed on his hard slab that those in the Galactic Empire called a bed. He was nervous, now being on the capital ship of the most feared man in the galaxy was more than enough to be nervous of; Vunt had a rather pleasant stain of nervousness. During mess time in the cafeteria, he had heard rumors of a man coming from the third planet of this star system. He had received reports of Vunt's own empire doing exactly what this leader had envisioned on this planet. Vunt at first was skittish that some mere amateur would try to match the power of the Galactic Empire but he had used one many of the \_Executor\_'s computer library's to find out more about this man. He went by a peculiar moniker known as the \_Fuhrer\_ but his real name was Adolf Hitler. The more Vunt researched this man, the more he began to agree with him. He led an organization known as the Nazi Party in the nation-state of Germany. He had displayed an understanding loathing for people who did not look like him or conformed to his ideologies. Vunt remembered his upbringing on the streets of Telka in Alba Sector. He had joined the populist fascist party known as the \_Gulutzi Stavi\_-"The Shining Dawn" and quickly made the ranks in the Telka political system. He then found out about the Galactic Empire and left The Shining Dawn to serve the Empire. There, he saw Darth Vader give a passionate speech and from that moment on, he was hooked. Now this amazing man would be coming to the \_Executor\_ and meeting with Vader himself-one and a half days from

now. The next several hours tell then will be marked by around-the-clock preparations for Hitler's arrival and Lord Vader wasn't too pleased with Vunt and his college's progress so far.

What Vunt couldn't understand was why Hitler was coming to the star destroyer and yet a weapon and vessel of ultimate power was being built. This battle station [Death Star] remember, can destroy an entire planet. Surely, the Fuhrer, or Lord Hitler, he guessed, would have wanted to see that. But the \_Executor\_ was right for the job. The Imperial Shuttle, piloted by the Empire's most experienced pilots and crewmembers, were being prepped for the trip to pick up the Fuhrer. The light metallic blue of the TIE fighter's skin coming in sharp contrast to elegant glossy deep royal blue of the solar array wings. With a screech, the fighters sprang from their suspended docking trapeze and followed the \_Lambda\_-Class shuttle out of the bay; its white navigation lights on each wing differentiating them from the background stars. The shuttle bay of a Star Destroyer is truly an amazing sight. All along the grey bulkheads and walls were massive banners fluttering in the air conditioned bay. Massive scarlet red banners with a missive mysterious object located at the center known as a swastika hung down alongside flags of the Empire. Every preparation was being met to prepare for the Fuhrer arrival, floors were cleaned and systems were checked to make sure nothing was amiss. Men made sure no skin abnormalities were present and the women made sure their hair was straight. Makeup and lipstick were strictly forbidden.

Vunt looked at the time, his shift would not begin for another hour and he could not sleep. He was very excited yet he was scared and didn't know what to expect when the Fuhrer arrives. He was a people pleaser and was afraid of the local commandant and Vunt remembered that one instant, he had unknowing questioned the commandant and Vunt was seriously reprimanded for that offence and from that day on, he minded his manners. He debated on whether or not he should start his shift now but knew the punishment if he did, yet he could not sleep; he was just too excited. Just then, he heard his door chime, which indicated that someone was at the threshold. With a grunt, he got up off of his rest slab and walked to a panel with two blue glowing rectangles and a glowing red circle on the top; he pushed the red button. The smooth, light grey door hissed open with a \_"reemp!"\_ sound and a petite young women in Imperial Navy garb stood in front of him, the solid white lights on the ceiling from the corridor bounced off the black glossy surface and the light then tapered up and faded, creating a strong silhouette of her. Her eyes beamed at Vunt but she had a weak grin. As stated by regulations, she had no makeup or lipstick on, but this woman's lips were redder than usual. "Lesca?" Vunt said.

"Vunt." Lesca said with a slight squeak in her voice.

"Why aren't you in uniform?" Lesca said, looking at Vunt in his night clothes. She said it in a rather flattering manner but she had known Vunt for a while and he was keen on following the strict laws of a star destroyer and the Empire in general.

"It's not my shift yet." Vunt said.

"I suggest you should start, Lord Vader has been leaning into us pretty strongly since it was announced that Lord Hitler would be arriving." Lesca said.

"I suppose I'll take your word on that." Vunt mused. He pushed the red button again and the door shut. After twenty minutes, he emerged in his strapping Imperial Starfleet uniform. Lesca then developed a slight grin. "So, what do you want?"

Lesca's grin then faded to a frown. "Why the attitude?"

"Well you were the one to suggest a more militant attitude." Vunt said.

"No, I just insisted that we all sharpen our game. We need to be in tip-top shape when the Fuhrer arrives. She said in sort of a perky manner. "I have picked out my best uniform and cleaned up my boots."

"I see. Lesca." Vunt said.

"I was wondering if you would like to join me for breakfast. We have a long day of work ahead of us." Lesca said.

"I think that's fine." Vunt said. The two of them left Vunt's room and walked down the corridor. The morning rush was just starting and the corridor was starting to become active with personnel as they made their way to their posts. Today would be very busy indeed.

"So what do you make of Lord Hitler?" Lesca said, looking straight ahead.

"He is fairly interesting: the son of a customs official, a very politics-driven man, believes strongly in what he thinks." Vunt said.

"We've been getting reports from this planet called Earth about this man; similar movements are being created all over this world." Lesca said.

"When we first heard the announcement that we will be heading to this planet and everybody began talking about Hitler, I began to listen to those reports. I would sit in my room and study his beliefs and ideas. I like them." Vunt said.

"Do you think the Emperor knows about him?" Lesca asked.

"I'm sure Lord Vader has told him by now." Vunt said. "I don't know what the Emperor would think of Hitler. The Emperor is pretty strict on who he wants to be allies with."

"I'm sure that this is very important to him, we traveled over a week to get here." Lesca said. The two of them continued on down the corridor, the cafeteria was two decks below; they had to take an elevator.

**\*\*T\*\***he vastness of the cosmos did not respect the order of hierarchy of a Super Dreadnought as the millions of stars and their light pried in through the triangular windows of the command tower of the \_Executor\_. The bridge was a dull blue color with the vacuum of space providing a lovely and yet scary contrast in environment. Along the plank extended itself from a distant chamber towards the observation deck and below the plank were various consoles with multicolored

lights, men in their uniforms sat at their consoles, taking amongst themselves and checking systems. At the entrance of the bridge stood two guards. This area was probably the one of the busiest: personnel milled about and preformed operations, small droids zipped about squeaking, and yet General Kelnard seemed not to mind. In fact, he loved this. Kelnard is a high ranking general of the Imperial Navy's Alpha battle fleet, the one in which Vader's flagship belonged to (despite that the Executor not being allowed in battle with the other star destroyers) Kelnard remembered his command during his fight against the Katari, in which the star destroyer Mushaka and three others decimated the Katarian fleet. Several Imperial Stormtrooper brigades overwhelmed the small Katarian Military. As special regiment of Stormtroopers, the Stazi, specifically had orders from General Kelnard to massacre a village on a planet in the Katari system, killing over 10,000 civilians. The Imperial Empire had rendered the Katari as an inferior breed and did not fit into Vader's dream of an ethnically pure galaxy of non-humanoids. The Katari fought on bravely for five weeks but by then it was too late. The Katarians had surrendered to the Imperial Empire. Most of the Katari were executed by the Stazi and the others sent to brutal work camps where the prisoners were instructed to mine minerals from the strata of rock on distant penal planets that where either baked by two suns or various temperatures to rouge planets in freezing temperatures. At first the Katari tried to woo the Empire with their care-free and liberal attitudes. The food was flamboyant and colorful and the drinks made of native vegetables and plants. The wicked and senseless killing of animals for sustenance was essentially unheard of. In the history of the Katari, they had little conflict with themselves and with other inhabitants. That was until the Empire came. First, the TIE fighters came, their green laser bolts slashing into the centuries- old and proud buildings of the Katari. Then the Imperial soldiers came and killed all those who resisted. The head governor of the Katari people offered the Imperial soldiers beautiful virgin women; women with large bosoms who's nipples homed in on the soldiers and cooper skin that made the Katari Sun sing when its light lathered the woman's bodies. The head lieutenant was neither aroused nor amused at the display of Katarian shows of affection. "We have no interest in your women!" the lieutenant said in a harsh and blunt tone. "You are now enemies of the Galactic Empire!" That would be the last day of the sovereign Katarian Union. It would be one of numerous territorial disputes that could lead to war.

General Kelnard strode lightly along the plank looking at the men, in his mind; he could see that these men were doing their best to stay on task. Kelnard liked it, he like sadistically torturing those below him and them being scared. He loved the power that Vader gave him and he used his domineering, old man statue to intimidate. Yet, despite his power, he was powerless in finite compared the Great Lord Vader, who has killed people for disobeying his orders. Only members of Vader's inner circle were allowed near Darth Vader he demanded unquestioning obedience from everyone. Just then a light hiss bounded through his ear drum, he already knew what that meant. The boots of Vader made "tack! tack!" sound as he made his way towards the observation deck. Kelnard straightened to attention and looked at the dark lord as he made his way to him. "My Lord." Kelnard began. "Admiral Trifa's shuttle is ready for departure. Should I clear them to go?"

"Excellent." Vader's voice boomed. "The Fuhrer will be pleased to meet Trifa. Who are the others?"

"Minister of Foreign Relations Vedick, Propaganda Chief Corilla Vestilla, and Mork, attachÃ© to this planet. He and Trifa will be the first of our kind to meet the Fuhrer personallyâ€|we have had people at his rallies before." Kelnard said. There was a still silence aside from Vader's usual breathing and Kelnard could feel his blood ice up as if he was left to die on some desolate, icy wasteland. The weight of the universe was on his shoulders, then off course, even seeing Darth Vader cane make anyone's heart skip a beat. Kelnard, despite his prideful and domineering stature, was reduced in size and shoved in a corner by imposing Vader's posture.

"I hope that they studied their mission carefully. This is a powerful major ally that we need." Vader said.

"I assure you, My Lord, they have thoroughly. They spent all day and night understanding and appreciating the German Language and to a lesser extent, the lifestyle. I must remind you, we have had agents that have been acceptance of the Third Reich." Kelnard said.

"Good, I'm curious if we they have agents with us?" Vader asked.

"We have a couple, sir. Gerhard Shmunt. He is a high ranking Nazi official stationed one of are outlying sectors; he reports frequently to the German High Command daily one our situation. We also have others in various parts of the Empire. We also have several brigades of Nazi soldiers training in our territory." Kelnard said.  
Silence.

"General Kelnard, tell me, what is the itinerary of Trifa and his staff?" Vader asked with a tinge of curiosity and puzzlement; his thick black mask beaming out the windows and out into the void, as if he was waiting for someone or that he and the Galactic Empire were entitled to all in sight.

"He will meet with Hitler on for a couple of hours in the morning and meet with his staff. Vestilla will meet with a Joseph Goebbels to discuss propaganda exchanges; in all intense purposes My Lord, we spread good news about each other. The other species that are deciding to join our expanding reach will have no problem now, since they have others in this galaxy that believe in the same way they do. Mork and Vedick will meet with the Nazi foreign relations committee." Kelnard explained.

"Good." Vader nodded. "You have a keen sense for order and attention to detail. You should be in charge of Imperial Operations. I had to remove Admiral Veer unfortunately for his failings to do his job." Kelnard gulped silently to himself. The words "I had to remove" were a term all too familiar of those who worked on the Executor. It meant that someone was removed from their post-permanently and never seen from of heard from again. There was a long silence as the two men stared into the dark depths of space in a sense of what seemed to be hypnotic trance mixed with a lust for insatiable power. The two men looked idiotically finite in such a vast universe where numerous believes, cultures, thoughts and ideas tried their best to coexist. Yet in a galaxy of many, some of its inhabitants believed that there should be a one. Not in a chorus of voices, but a one that means a section get to stand alone and only they proclaims their right to the galaxy and its vast resources. While the galaxy was at a steady and contemptuous peace, dark forces conspired with each other to upend

the peaceful rhythm of the galaxy and bring it to some of the darkest day in its history. Earth was just one of the few of a growing number of racial and ethnic unrests and uprisings that began to grasp the galaxy and create a beast of unstoppable malice.

"I stand on the deck of my proud ship and look out into a plane of opportunity." Vader said.

"Yesâ€¦I wonder how we will be able to control it all." Kelnard said, pensively. "Take the now extinct Nazeein Empire. An advanced and proud people, technological advanced and-"

"Nothing will stand in our way." Vader's voice boomed and utterly destroyed Kelnard's example of the Nazeein Empire. "With this alliance, we will rule the galaxy." Vader's voice caused Kelnard's heart cringe in a cold fire as if it was a thirsty plant deprived of water. Kelnard scrambled in his mind to come up with an agreement to match Vader's bold statement. "I don't believe we can lose, we are by far, the most superior society in the galaxy."

"Good." Vader began. "I was beginning to find your lack of trust and faith displeasing. Admiral Trifa and the others are preparing to leave the ship. See to it that everything proceeds smoothly." He demanded. He then turned away from the windows, his long cape veiling his tall body, and walked back to his private chamber. Kelnard shuttered into a stern pasture; "Yes, My Lord!" he said harshly.

**\*\*A\*\*** Admiral Trifa rear end gradually reposed itself into the black glossy upholstery of the Imperia Lambda-Class shuttle Tydirium. He waited for Vestilla, Mork, and Vedick to arrive and take their seat in their respected positions. The tall, pale face Trifa looked seriously at mission profile. He analyzed every work of Basic again and again to know his mission well. Admiral Trifa was a seasoned warrior and veteran who have served in the Imperial Navy for over twenty years. He had served on several star destroyers before being offered a position in Imperial legislature and chief of naval operations back at the heart of the Empire- the city-planet of Coruscant. He declined that offer to instead serve on the side of Darth Vader. Vader admired his tough, hard-working demeanor and he became one of Vader's closest advisors. Trifa never smiled and when he wore his staunch olive drab hat, it covered his cold eyes and only his straight lips on his square face reminded people he was a lifeform. The back cargo door was opened, letting in a trickle of the cool air. He could hear the audible noise of officers and others conveying orders to one another and it reminded him of the control room of a star destroyer. The constant busyness of the officers and the low drone of the computers and consoles humming all around them. Trifa's job was to discuss military cooperation with several Nazi officials and meet with the Fuhrer himself. Trifa would not sign a pact with Hitler; that would come the following day when Hitler comes aboard the Executor. He was only there to meet with Hitler's top generals and share military knowledge. Trifa was a cold and strong willed person with sandy blond hair and blue eyes; certainly a candidate for Hitler's Aryan race philosophy. He had read Hitler's book Mein Kampf and strongly admired the Fuhrer. He was both excited and eager to meet this man.

Corilla Vestilla was Chief of Propaganda of the Imperial Empire; she was a young and vigorous person and always with a smile on her face.

She had short, blond hair that came to her shoulders and turquoise colored eyes that would sparkle brighter than the brightest stars. Bering young at age, she was an upcoming star in the Empire Youth group. An organization financed by the Imperial government that sought to teach youngsters the values of the Galactic Empire. Ever since her mother took her to the planetarium on her home planet, she has been fascinated with motion pictures and animation. At first, she wanted to be a \_Savatzi girl\_ in a Kabirian Harem on the desert world of Manu but instead wanted to be a film director. It was a festive time to be alive; she got to go to different planets and experience extravagant new cultures. She did very well in school, encouraged by her parents to do so. Despite the colorful and festive life that Corilla lived in her early years, a dark cloud began to form under the Vestilla Family. Her father had lost a local shop that he had owned for several years and while looking for work, he stumbled on a pamphlet entitled: "\_The New Order\_" in which details of a lost empire and a golden age before "Star People" came and took over everything. He began to admire the teachings of the Galactic Republic and took up a position in the ultra-conservative government on planet Mundor. Corilla's mother was uneasy at the rise of the Galactic Empire and Darth Vader. She was a woman of peace and did not want to be associated with war baiting and the xenophobic rhetoric went with "\_The New Order\_" or the Empire. That was until Darth Vader came to power; he crushed all descent and opposition. She and some of her lady friends started an organization to oppose Vader but when freedom of speech and free press were abolished, the group quickly disbanded itself. After being persuaded by her husband, Ms. Vestilla reluctantly submitted her allegiance to the Empire. Corilla didn't seem to mind the radical change in her family's way of thinking. Instead, she began to embrace her strong Kerick heritage. The Kerick were a mythical space federation of fair skin and advanced people. It was said the Kerick Confederacy was destroyed in a massive, centuries-long war and the only remains of them are a few vague ancestors and oral history; Corilla was ounce of these vague descendants. She began to use her film skills to make documentary and propaganda films about the rise of Vader and the Empire. She would steadfastly follow military parades in the streets and talk to several key officers in the Empire. Most of the highest officials in the Empire boasted themselves that they were "Kerick Stock" and Empire financed expeditions to distant parts of the galaxy to find remnants of the lost civilization. To Vestilla, this was going to be a trip of a lifetime and she was going to film a propaganda film, on top of that, she was going to meet the head chief of Nazi propaganda.

Mork and Vedick were more unknown to the others and there was an aura of mystery behind them. They did, however, hold a vital position in the Empire. Both of them have served on Empire's foreign relations board and have been ambassadors to various star systems before and during the rise of the Galactic Empire. Mork advised the conservative elements of the Tenooka Rebellion. The Tenooka Rebellion was a paramilitary uprising against the so-called liberal government on Tenooka 6 in which the hardline fascist took control. Soon after that, Tenooka 6 became part of the Imperial alliance. Vedick became ambassador to Denoria before joining the Empire. He had probably the least experience with diplomacy but he was chosen for his modest and kind stature. These men have met with various species and races but meeting an unknown man like Adolf Hitler would be truly something amazing.



Admiral Kelnard could hear the boots of the others, plus Vestilla's red Stiletto heels, clanked up the ramp. Mork and Vedick, clad in their black uniforms and translucent rectangular military bars, strode into the cabin. At once, Vedick and Mork saluted Admiral Kelnard.

"Admiral!" both men said in unison.

"Gentlemen." Kelnard said without a modicum of care or emotion and not looking up from his work. "Be seated." At the Admiral's word, both men took their seat on the black upholstery. Just then the "\_clickity-clack\_" of the Stilettos brought Vestilla's presence on the \_Tydirium\_. She burst on with a smile on her face-and then saluted.

"Admiral!" Vestilla said in a quick, glitzy voice. Admiral Kelnard gave her a beaming glance and then continued to mind his work. In Vestilla's left hand was a large black bag with the Galactic Empire star-like crest embroidered on the side. It is a camera bag and held Vestilla's (or rather the Government's) camera in it. She took her seat and all of them could hear the door vacuum seal shut. Then the slow \_wooo\_ of the ion propulsion drive startup and the \_Tydirium\_ hovered above the bay. The sudden shift in motion made the stomach of Vestilla giggle in which she smiled to herself. Soon afterwards, the hiss of the ion engines of three TIE fighters squealed in the shuttle's ambient noise atmosphere, their escort. In fact, Trifa would talk to a high-ranking Nazi official about leasing some of the Empire's TIE fighters to the \_Luftwaffe\_ and in return, the Empire acquiring some German Messerschmitt Bf 109 fighter planes and basing them in Empire controlled or sympathetic star systems. After a few minutes, the \_Tydirium\_ and the TIE fighters were off toward the Earth.

Lieutenant Vunt released the massive scarlet banner of the Third Reich from the top of the auditorium. The auditorium of the Super Dreadnought (the \_Executor\_ is considered in this class) can seat 180,000 officers and crew. A small, grey podium with a golden swastika stood at the front of a massive blank bulkhead used for projector displays. Two massive banners hung above that, so big in fact that they couldn't fit into an officer's room, were suspended above the podium. One was of the Galactic Empire and the other one was of Nazi Germany. The smooth, doughnut-like seats, 180,000 of them, were arranged in a massive amphitheater fashion. Custodial staff cleaned and whipped down and sanitized the seats. It would be 35 hours before Hitler's arrival and the crews of the Executor were working at breakneck speed to get it all done in time.

"Another down and several more to go." Vunt said to Lesca, who had several more of the banners rolled up and in a black shroud meant for transport.

"Yes. We got to put some near the Officer's Box." Lesca said.

"What do you make of this planet Earth?" Vunt asked.

"From the research I've retrieved from the Galactic Empire Planet Catalogue, it looks to be a beautiful world. Lush forests and massive oceans, reminds me of the Dynasses System." Lesca said, walking up the stairs from the massive auditorium into stairwells that lead to the Officer's Box.

"I didn't know you were from the Dynasses System." Vunt said.

"Born and raised, a lush nature preserve but industrious." Lesca said. "I actually met an alien there who I fell in love with."

"You did what!?" Vunt said, both angered and puzzled.

"Yes," Lesca said in a somewhat perky voice, "I had a foreign exchange student as a crush." Lesca's vivid memories of that time, for the moment, melted away the hate and bitterness that the Empire had molded her to be in favor of a more innocent time. Tomek, a green-skinned and almost demon-like figure, studied at the collage that Lesca attended. She had a hard time in astronomy and Tomek would help her. Tomek's civilization was a race of explorers and star travelers and had charted the stars and planets well. Every night in a park of the town Lesca was from, she and Tomek would sit in a wide grassy field and star up at the flamboyant fireworks of the galaxy; the blazing warpaths of meteors burning up in the Dynasseian atmosphere to the bulbous, pulsating, bosoms of bright stars nearby. That was until the Empire came and Lesca for some reason got swept up into the hysteria, fear, and hatred of the Empire. She began to see Tomek less and eventually broke off all contact with him in favor of hanging around people her own kind.

"Did you have a sexual encounter with this man?" Vunt asked in a demeaning voice.

"No. I found the Empire before that happened." Lesca said.

"I see!" Vunt started. "Lesca, do you know your bloodlines."

"Bloodlines?"

"Yes. Remember, you are descendent from the Kerick Empire." Vunt said.

"Yes, I understand. You need not worry, my body and my soul belong to the Empire and not evil Star People." Lesca concluded.

The \_Lambda-Class shuttle and the TIE fighter escort zipped towards Earth, passing all the planets in this solar system; a deep royal blue planet with swirling clouds, a ringed beauty of something only the Gods could have dreamed of, and an old, weathered, and decrepit red world with an ancient past, probably home to once advanced civilization that died out once called this land home. Vestilla, the only woman on the ship, looked at this more as a vacation rather than an assignment from the Empire. She marveled at the planets in this solar system, which reminded her of her home solar system: turbulent Jovian would be the typhoons in their atmosphere that could swallow whole worlds to lush tropical worlds covered by water. She took out a black leather notebook that had the massive gold Imperial crest on the front of it and opened it and popped the button on her black pen. She gave her diary a name to make it feel more important to her-she called it Ninia.

\_Dear Ninia\_

\_I am happy to be on my way from the Executor to this wonderful

planet. I will be meeting one of the most important men on this world and I am very excited. He speaks with such force and elegance it would be foolish to ignore him. I am a woman who is part of the most powerful organization in the world and we are on the verge of securing an alliance where we can spread are values throughout the galaxy. The planets here are lovely and I've never been out this far. This is like a field trip to me and I can't wait so sample this magnificent German food and culture. I will be seeing a Nazi rally and meet with the propaganda minister so we can exchange films about each other's movements. I can't wait to touchdown on this magnificent world and meet the Fuhrer. Hugs and kisses to all.\_

\_Love\_

\_Vestilla\_

"We are being pulled in by the Earth's gravity." The pilot of the shuttle said. Vestilla lurched forward to peer out of the windscreen to get a look at this world. What she saw was beyond belief. The vibrant blues, whites, greens, and Azul colors reflected gracefully in the iris of Vestilla's eyes as she look upon the beauty called the Earth. The vibrant streaks of clouds that make up Jet streams and storm clouds raced across the atmosphere, covering the lush forests of the northern continent with the partly obscured massive ocean to the west. A massive smile ran across Vestilla's face. Their mission had begun. The angled descent began to affect the bodies of those on board and Vestilla's stomach tickled again. All of them braced for the landing in the city called Berlin.

"Tempelhof Control, do you read? Over?" the pilot said in German. No response.

"This is shuttle \_Tydirium\_. Over?" suddenly, the radio onboard the \_Tydirium\_ came to life.

"Shuttle \_Tydirium\_!" the commander said in a strong voice. "You are cleared to land on Pad 5 close to the terminal."

"Affirmative." The pilot said. With the controls and the multicolored lights reflecting on the pilots face, he maneuvered the \_Tydirium\_ down to the Earth; the TIE fighters following close behind.

**\*\*T\*\***he white German sun beamed happily down on the facilities and the tarmac of the Berlin Tempelhof Airport; as if the sun was giving its best regards to the advancement of the Third Reich. The sky was a baby blue and a cool October breeze danced about the complex, making the trees sway and the bright orange windsock flutter without a care. On the runway, several Junkers Ju 52 trimotor airliners of the German airline \_Deutsche Luft Hansa\_ sat in perfect rows and in another corner of the airport were Messerschmitt Bf 109 fighters parked near a hanger. The control tower stood above it all and it was a relatively quiet morning despite Berlin being a world city. While it would be a quite morning due to the lack of air traffic, it was indeed a \_busy\_ day for the arrival of the Galactic Empire. In fact, there were already to black Mercedes-Benz automobiles in a line flanked by motorcycles and a red carpet that lead into the terminal of the airport.

Fritz Zimmerman peered keenly with his binoculars at the distant sky

to the west looking for this thing called Tydirium or the "Tie fighters" that he heard about. "Wow" Zimmerman thought to himself. "An airplane without wings of propellers. Goering and the Fuhrer would be pleased." "Hans, what do you make of our guests?"

"I don't know much about them," Hans said. "But they seem to have peaked the Fuhrer's eyes. The Fuhrer is not just open to anyone. This Vader seems to share the same grievances of life that we do. It appears that they are Aryans in other parts of the universe." Zimmerman took those words to heart and continued to scan the air for the visitors. Just then, he saw four mysterious objects in his binoculars: three looked like an egg between a pair of waffles while the larger craft looked like something with three wings. On the wings he could see the white navigation lights flashing in the hazy sky. "Ah! Here they are! Klaus, welcome our guests." Zimmerman barked. Klaus got up and stood to attention.

"Yes sir!" he said and walked out of the control room.

"Vestilla, while she has seen many cities in her life, was overjoyed when the glimpses of Berlin. The city seemed to stretch on for miles in every direction as the Tydirium made its final approach into Tempelhof Airport. The TIE fighter's angry hissing siren disturbed the German air as they followed the shuttle. The massive terminal came into view and so did the long runways as planes taxied and took off. "Prepare for landing!" the pilot said. The ground crews, having never seen such craft, were in awe of the mysterious and unique craft as they hovered down to the ground. The larger of the craft folded its wings upright and the massive craft landed and its back was to the terminal to line up with the red carpet since it seemed to lack a side door. The other three craft landed nearby; the ground crew called them Fliegend Waffelneier Dinge or "Flying Waffle Eggs Things" the pilots scrambled out of the crafts and stood to attention next to them. The back of the Tydirium opened with a whoosh and the ramp extended downwards to the red carpet. Sprays of compressed air made downward jets of white smoke as the passengers disembarked. Admiral Trifa was the first to embark from the craft, followed by Mork and Vedick, and then the high hills of Vestilla. Trifa saw Fritz Zimmerman and did the Nazi salute. "Hail Hitler!" he said rapidly. Fritz and the others returned the favor and Trifa went on to shake Zimmerman's hand. The same process followed for both Mork and Vedick. Vestilla happily did the Nazi salute and smiled at Zimmerman. "Hi, I'm Vestilla; Chief Minister of Propaganda of the Galactic Empire." She said sweetly. As Vestilla walked by to the waiting car, her white blouse made her bulbous buttocks stand out, sexually stimulating the voyeuristic hormones of Mr. Zimmerman as he looked at her backside with a grin. Admiral Trifa, Corilla Vestilla, Mork, and Vedick all got into the Mercedes-Benz, which bore the flags of both Nazi Germany and the Galactic Empire, and they and the motorcycles began to make their way in to heart of Hitler's Germany.

Vestilla pulled out her video recording camera and loaded the Trikitium fuel cell into it for power. She pushed a button and started to make a propaganda film; she began to narrate. "Planet Earth, a planet that is on the cusp of change. You have the choice of joining meager and weak political movements that guarantee you no future or you can choose the Nazi Party" Her voice trailed off into the distance. The buildings donned narrow Nazi banners that waved in the air. People milled about in the streets, in the squares,

and in the markets. German officials in their grey uniforms moved about the streets and the smell of strudel caused Vestilla's mouth to salivate. She shot footage of everyday German life. Then comes the Brandenburg Gate. Vestilla was blown away by the scale and stature of the monument. The strong stone edifice that bathed in the sunlight was draped with Nazi and another power's flag (Italy). She could not wait until the empire flag flew alongside the Nazi flag. She immediately filmed the spectacle as the wind made the flags dance as the motorcade went underneath the massive structure. "The German people are a proud and noble people who are proud of history and heritage." Vestilla continued. After 15 minutes, the two cars pulled up to apartment building. The overhang of the apartment casted a deep shadow on the two cars. At the stairs, two uniformed Nazi soldiers stood at attention. The first car stopped and one the chauffeurs got out and opened the door for Admiral Trifa who stepped out car and saluted the guards. Then, the other chauffeur opened the door for Mork, Vedick, and Vestilla; they saluted and walked into the apartment. Meeting them in the dark foyer was an intimidating self-portrait painting of Adolf Hitler. The gold fringe of royal designed curtains, the lovely wooden tables, and the memorabilia of the elite also met them and they knew that this was a very important meeting. "This way." One of the guards gestured and the others followed the guard into a large dining room. There was no light on and only the pale sunlight filtered through the white drapes to create an ominous shadow-light display. The table had exquisite china and glassware arranged on the table. Elegant napkins sat atop of the plates and new silverware lay beside the plates. On the mantle above the fireplace was another big picture of Hitler. In the room, tall, ominous looking figures stood around the table, one of them even smoked and one pan looked pensively out the large window that overlooked the street. "Sir! The guest from the Galactic Empire are here." The guard said. There was a puzzling science and then the man at the window spoke. "Leave us." As instructed, the guard left, leaving the envoy of the Galactic Empire to the mercy of these mysterious creatures. Just then, the man at the window turned around-it was Joseph Goebbels.

A stone faced man in a Nazi officer's uniform spoke. "Have a seat." He said calmly, motioning to the opulent chairs on the opposite side of the table. Trifa and the others sat down and several other Nazis also took their seats; Goebbels also took his seat.

"I am SS-Obergruppenfuhrer Joachim von Ribbentrop Nazi Foreign Minister." Von Ribbentrop said in a scratched voice, reaching out to shake Admiral Trifa's hand.

"I am Admiral Veknar Trifa. Senior Admiral of the Galactic Empire." Trifa said and shook Von Ribbentrop's hand.

"These are my aids." Von Ribbentrop pointed to the three other Nazis. "Hans, Max, and Adel." All the men nodded when their names were called.

"And I am Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda." Joseph Goebbels said in a mischievous sounding voice. There was a silence, and then Trifa took out two hardback, black leather-faced folders with the gold Galactic Empire insignia printed on the front of them. One was in the standard galactic Basic and the other in German. "I have orders from Lord Darth Vader to negotiate an alliance with the Third Reich." Trifa said, handing Von Ribbentrop the German folder. He

opened it and read it to himself.

"Yes, it is a pleasure to do business with you. It is grateful that there are others out there who believe in the things we do." Von Ribbentrop said. He then passed the folder to Max, Hans, and Adel. Inside the folders was a declaration that proclaimed the alliance between the Nazis and the Galactic Empire. The declaration read:

"WE ARE HAPPY TO PROCLAIM THIS ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE THIRD REICH OF GERMANY AND THE GALACTIC EMPIRE. IN GOOD FAITH, THIS TREATY WILL SECURE A PROSPEROUS AND STRONG RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ARE TWO PEOPLES. AS YOU, WE TOO HAVE SUFFERED THROUGH TRIALS AND SEE THE TRUE DECEDENTS OF THE GALAXY, THE ARYANS AND THE KERICK AS THE RIGHTFUL HEIRS TO THE STARS. WITH THIS TREATY, WE WILL SECURE DIPLOMATIC AND MILITARY COOPERATION BETWEEN US. THE GALAXY IS IN TROUBLE AND NEEDS A GUIDING LIGHT AND WE ARE THE ONES TO SAVE IT."

At the bottom of the document was the signature. While the others read it, Vestilla and Goebbels discussed propaganda exchanges.

"Mr. Goebbels, it is an honor to meet you on behalf of the Galactic Empire." Vestilla said. She took out her silver video camera with its signal black rubber handle and moved the plate aside to put the camera on the table. "I'm here to ask for permission to film a Nazi rally set to take place after this meeting and Hitler will be at attendance. I go all around the galaxy filming people loyal to the Galactic Empire. Planet Earth is by far the most festive. Here, this is a sample of what I have of what I have so far. Vestilla turned on the camera and opened the screen for side viewing. She pressed some other buttons and the clip of her travel along the streets of Berlin and her narration. A sinister smile stretched across Goebbels's face.

"Wow. You seemed to like us very well. You would like Leni Riefenstahl!" He said.

"I've heard of her, she made 'Triumph des Willens' ('Triumph of the Will') very good movie. I saw it." Vestilla said with a smile.

"Very well!" Goebbels said, delighted. The meeting went on for thirty minutes in which the audience is ignorant of the topics discussed. But you can be sure that a new interstellar order was forming; an alliance that would threaten the entire fabric of the galaxy. After a while, the massive oaken doors opened with a creaking sound and Vestilla, Mork, Vedick, and Trifa emerged. They discussed parting thoughts and talked a little more. The four got back in their car and continued to the arena where the Fuhrer would be making a remarkable speech.

Corilla Vestilla took out her D3 camera and began filming as she was told to do. She saw masses of people walking towards the arena. Men, women, and children all dressed formally and some of the youngster in Lederhosen clothing. The Mercedes pulled up to the entrance of the arena and the Imperial envoy disembarked. Up above them, massive Nazi flags waved triumphant in the air. Up above, fleets of Messerschmitt Bf 110 twin engine fighter bombers roared in formation as if they were flying against a world power. The dull drone was relentless. The whole spectacle brought a tear to Trifa's otherwise dull and expressionless face. It reminds him of the massive fleets of star destroyers and TIE fighters that sailed the sea of space for Empire

Day. They filtered through the dark tunnel back into the light of the German sun. The arena was packed almost to capacity and more people started to file in. Vestilla, Trifa, Vedick, and Mork found a seat and sat in it. Not too far from them, a massive stone podium jutted out from the outcropping of the arena wall, on top of it were three, snake-like microphones. The audience was awash with hypnotic sway and cheered when there was nothing happening. Vestilla stood up and filmed the spectacle; Nazi flags placed all around the stadium beaded the air with approval. Although nothing was happening, there seemed to be something happening \_every\_ moment of this event, as if every second was a momentous occasion in history. The wait was, however, long and tedious. If you, for some reason, didn't care about this event, you would have had a rousing ovation when you walked into the arena. Then, as you wait, your mood decreases from ecstatic to modest. Then later, you are just bored to death. Not here. This was an event that you did not want to miss, no matter how long the wait would be. The wait continued on for another fifteen minutes when a uniformed man came up to the microphone. He announced the introduction to Adolph Hitler. Suddenly, the crowd erupted in a massive conflagration of joyous applause. There was a sea of Nazi salutes and "\_SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL..."\_ that erupted from the audience. Then, a moderately tall man in a light brown uniform with a military hat came to the microphone. He had a cold look on his face and a rather peculiar facial hair arrangement under the nose. The audience stood up in approval and continued their appreciation in their surreal, fanatical trance. Then, Hitler began to speak. Immediately, a sudden rush of blood stiffened Vestilla's vagina and she felt a strong sexual arousal at this alien's speech. He got right to the point and did not stutter. Hitler was probably the most electric figure she has ever met and by far the most passionate. Now Darth Vader could be an intimidating person with his deep voice but Hitler was less robotic and more natural. The way his eyes lit up when he came to a point that was close to his heart, his hypnotic hand movements, and his fiery devotion to rhetoric. It would be an understatement that Vestilla loved the Fuhrer. Inside her, she knew that this was a turning point in the history of the galaxy. At no point in its history has the galaxy been at such a crossroads. It would be up to Darth Vader and Hitler to bring the galaxy a brighter future. What Vestilla couldn't see or failed to acknowledge was the fact that the \_fall\_ of the Galactic Empire was put in motion. While the forces of evil were congregating, so were the oppressed peoples of Earth and the rest of the galaxy who would fight this rising tide of interstellar Fascism. Yes, cheer with all you might, but your defeat will soon be at hand.

**\*\*S\*\*huttle** \_Tydirium\_ once again departed the \_Executor\_ once more to pick up Hitler. TIE fighters swarmed around this super dreadnought from the three smaller \_Avenger\_ star destroyers that made up the \_Executor\_ fleet. Lieutenant Vunt eyed the mirror to see any imperfections on his face. None. He checked his uniform for any imperfections; again nothing. What was he looking for? Why was he putting so much emphasis on his appearance? The answer to these questions would come in about five hours when Adolph Hitler would arrive on the \_Executor.\_ Vunt had the itinerary based on rumor and talk in his mind on what the Fuhrer had planned when he would arrive. He would visit the command tower, the turbo laser batteries, the AT-AT vehicles, and more. Vunt worked on the Bridge and he would see the Fuhrer so he would be happy to see Hitler. Vunt worked besides Hus, who was afraid of anyone even slightly above him. So Hus working next to Hitler would give him a heart attack. Vunt, coming from an

authoritarian family, was no stranger to authority and obedience. His father was a captain of one of the first star destroyers of the Imperial Navy. Vunt was all too ready to see Mr. Hitler and he was pleased and a bit curious about his and the future of the galaxy.

\_Tydirium\_'s wings folded as they were instructed in the shuttle bay and the ramp extended down to the glorious red carpet. On both sides of carpet, formations of 50 Stormtroopers with their blasters held in military posture stood ready to greet the Fuhrer. In the back, rows upon rows of black, grey, and olive drab uniforms men and women stood all around the shuttle. At the foot of the carpet facing Vader, two Stormtroopers stood opposite of each other, one held a Nazi flag on a pole and the other trooper had the obvious Imperial insignia. Suddenly, the officer on deck yelled "ATTENTION!" and the entire shuttle bay stood military erect and like lightning, a cacophony of boots hitting the smooth floor reverberated throughout the bay. Then, the noise of boots storming on the metal ramp made everyone's hair stand up. The black heavy trousers and beige military trench coat of a man soon came into view. Behind him, several other Nazi officials also walked off the ramp of the \_Tydirium\_-Adolph Hitler. Suddenly, the crowd let out a massive roar of applause and the continuous strain of "Heil! Heil! Heil!" reverberated across the deck followed by a sea of Nazi salutes from Stormtroopers and the others of the crew. Hitler strode down the red carpet with no expression; he made a hand gesture in which raised his left hand as if he was taking an oath. He soon came up to Darth Vader. Finally, two of the galaxy's most powerful men were now in one place. "Mr. Vader." Hitler said in a calm voice. Hitler's interpreter, Paul Schmidt, stood next to him. Upon being greeted, Vader raised his hand in the Nazi salute. "My Fuhrer. It is nice to meet you." Vader then shook Hitler's hand. A new axis of evil was forming and no one could stop them. It seemed that the galaxy stopped at this point. "I will show you the Bridge, My Fuhrer." Vader insisted, and the two men walked to the bridge.

All operation continued as normal until Darth Vader and Hitler came onto the Command Tower. Suddenly, all the men and the women, whom had just been working and attending to duties just prior, all fell silent. They all beamed at these two powerful figures with admiration and fear. "This is the Bridge Crew of the \_Executor\_; they have unyielding obedience to me. They are the finest crew in the Imperial Navy." Vader boasted. Just then, Hitler stooped midway along the plank that lead to the observation bay.

"Heil, Crewmembers of the \_Executor\_!" Hitler said.

"\_Heil, My Fuhrer!\_" The crew said in happily in unison. Hitler and Vader then walked to the windows and took a cold look out at the vast and beckoning cosmos beyond. "All of it, all for us." Vader said. Hitler, at the moment, ignored him but then said. "Yesâ€¦when I win the war on Earth, I will be looking into the heavens." Afterwards, Vader explained the different functions of the crew positions to Hitler, who seemed to be uninterested. He walked over to where Vunt and Hus sat. Quietly and calmly, he placed his left hand and Hus and his right hand on Vunt. Vunt, even though not bothered by this, was mesmerized by the moment at hand. He continued, quiet calmly from before, pecking on the multicolored lighted diodes on his console. Hus was more scared, his dilated iris loitering all around his surroundings, as if he was asking for a relief from what was going



on. He was scared and he had every right to be. In any case, neither men moved; \_they \_were both scared. After, several hours touring the ship and its components, Hitler then addressed the massive staff and crew of the \_Executor\_. He stood, a tiny voice in what seemed like a chorus but in this orchestra, Hitler was the conductor. He stood in from to the arena filled to capacity of every man and women of like-minded will and stamina. Soon, everyone saw this man's true talent. He came to the four microphones with a mission and spoke with force and gusto that even rivaled Vader. Everyone was immersed in the typhoon of rage and passion of the Fuhrer and even those who were skittish at first glance even felt aroused by this man's duty and passion to what he believed in. Indeed, the galaxy was being born anew. Its baptism in the horrid fires of the past was over and a new dawn was forming for all its inhabitants.

"â€|AND WITH THIS PACT, WE WILL BE A FORCE OF UNIMAGINABLE POWER. WE WILL SHRED THE HISTORY OF OUR SHAME AND MAKE TOMORROW A BRIGHTER DAY. WE WILL BE TRIUMPHANT!" Hitler boomed from the podium. Then comes the hails to glory from the warriors. The entire galaxy was listening. No time in its history was the galaxy seemingly united. Everyone's fate was sealed.

"\_Heil! Heil! Heil! Heil! Heilâ€|\_"

End  
file.